

OSCEOLA ITEMS.

Society News, Personal, Politics, etc., of St. Clair County.

Special Correspondence of the Bazaar.

—Weather cold.
—Some ice Sunday morning.
—The democrats carried this county last Tuesday, electing eleven officers out of fourteen.
—Ross, "Little Allie," the "boy," was elected prosecuting attorney last Tuesday, in spite of the champions, Messrs. Warden and Sheldon.
—The present cold weather, no doubt, is very appreciative to the detained candidates. Not so much salt required to save them.
—Sam B. McIlhenny, who has been in Sedalia for the past twelve months, is shaking the "paw" of his many friends in Osceola this week.

—John H. Diggs, formerly foreman of the Voice office, left for his home in Montgomery City, last Monday. Something, or probably some one, was the cause of his reluctance.

—The charming and accomplished young lady, Miss Emma Baldwin, has returned from her visit to Kansas accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Anna Hall.

—John Crosthwait is as near a menagerie since he has had those waving curls cut from around his neck as any species of human visible to the eye of the American people—it becomes him so.

—James B. Marquis, junior of the Voice, while opening his mouth one day last week, succeeded in capturing a number of the largest-sized mosquitoes, notwithstanding the weather is cold.

—Our friend Smith has at last procured a Campbell power press, which is a very nice machine, and although he has plenty of "gas" in his office, he will next have to procure steam power before he can run the press to success.

—Walter P. Dunn, the popular salesman of W. H. Cock & Co's cash store, left for New Mexico, Monday morning. Walter was a quiet, inoffensive young man, and it is with regret that we record his departure, as his place is hard to fill.

—The election is over, campaign lies have ceased to exist, and now in the most profound style all can return to their respective labors, regardless of politics. The greenback party, as a party, has played its last trump in St. Clair county, and in its stead has been placed the grand old democratic party, sending joyful tidings to every lover of his country and the homes of the brave. We say the greenback party is dead, so it is; there will never be another greenback administration in St. Clair county as long as this country is free, and the people claim their rights.

Worthy of Notice.

Gen'l G. T. Beauregard, of Louisiana, and Jubal A. Early, of Virginia, certify—see card with facsimiles of their signatures in another column—that they supervise the arrangements for the Monthly and Semi-annual Drawings of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness and in good faith towards all parties. In these days of deception, this broad declaration will meet with a hearty response on the part of the public, in patronage of this peculiar institution, the mission of which is to maintain a noble charity in the city of New Orleans, without regard to sect, color, nationality or race. The full particulars can be had on application to M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La., who will cheerfully answer any or all queries relative thereto.

A Big Success.

My wife was in bed two years with a complication of disorders her physician could not cure, when I was led to try Parker's Ginger Tonic. It was a big success. Three bottles cured her, at a cost of a dollar and fifty cents, and she is now as strong as any woman—R. D., Buffalo.

Maud S. in Her Old Home.

Cincinnati Commercial.

The peerless queen of the trotting turf, Maud S., arrived at Chester Park from New York, yesterday, at 6 o'clock a. m. She came through via the Bee line, in a special express car, and was accompanied by a 2-year-old colt called Prepotency, by Solicitor, dam Red Bird, and owned by Mr. S. R. Bowne, of New York. Maud and her young companion were in charge of Mr. Charles H. Phelps, a well known horseman and manager of Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt's stables.

The beautiful mare was welcomed by her trainer, Billy Bair, with almost unspeakable happiness, and was affectionately led to her old and handsome quarters.

Said Bair to an inquiring reporter: "Maud left Chester Park, last February, for Mr. Vanderbilt's stables, and was used by him for driving purposes. He took her with him to Saratoga, but would not enter her for a race. He sent her to me at Saratoga, and I took her to Hartford, Conn., to be worked. I also had there early Rose and Aldine, with instructions from Mr. Vanderbilt to put them in training, and he sent 2:16 1/2, the time made by Work's double team. I did so, and early Rose and Aldine trotted a mile in 2:16 1/2, the fastest time ever made by a double team. From Hartford Maud S. was taken to New York, October 1. There Vanderbilt trotted her with early Rose. Vanderbilt likes to drive a double team, and by the way, no one can drive better than he."

"I will give her mild exercise this winter, and trot her an hour or so, every pleasant day. The groom will grass her every day. Next spring we will take her to a mile track, and condition her to trot a fast mile, both double and single. What will be done with her in the spring I am unable to say at present."

Why Should They?

No man or woman can do satisfactory work when the brain is dull, the nerve unsteady, the system relaxed and they feel generally wretched. Why should anybody drag through their work in this condition, when a bottle of Parker's Ginger Tonic will, at moderate cost, give them the strength and will to perform their duties satisfactorily.—Ed.

SALINE COUNTY.

—Slater has a new town hall.
—Plenty of pecans near Slater.
—The high winds are leveling the corn with the earth.
—The Slater Odd Fellows have moved into a new hall.
—W. H. Reavis, of Brownsville, was elected justice of the peace.
—L. O. Vaughn, of Slater, will soon remove to Southeast Missouri.
—A lot of "berkshire" cattle were on sale at Brownsville, last week.

—Simpson Nelson, of Arrow Rock, has a pumpkin which weighs seventy-six pounds.
—Newly sown wheat in this county is giving promise of another bountiful crop.
—J. G. Kemper, of Slater, who had his leg broken some time ago, is out on crutches.

—Benj. L. Beatty, of this county, was married to Miss Carrie Hamilton, of Bates county, last week.

—W. R. Scott shipped from Arrow Rock last Saturday one hundred head of choice fat hogs to St. Louis.

—Charlie Buckner, a young attorney of Brownsville, was quite ill, last week. He had been to St. Louis.

—Hogs will be restrained in this county hereafter, as the question was voted on at the recent election, and carried by 549 majority.

—There were eight additions to the church during the recent protracted meeting at Concord church, three miles from Saline City.

—Mr. Finis Ritchie, a young man of Ridge Prairie, who was married to Miss Lillie Cunningham about five weeks since, was killed by lightning last week.

—Miss Annie McClain, of Saline City, raised, this year, a sweet potato which weighed seven pounds. Good enough for the young lady—and all by herself, too.

—Last week Mr. Josiah Alkire, of St. Louis, an uncle of Mrs. T. G. Nelson, purchased for \$2,700 the Gardner farm of eighty acres, four miles north of Brownsville.

—Dr. H. Neff, of Arrow Rock, has returned from Texas, where he went with 200 head of choice sheep to put on his ranch, where he already had 300 head that he took there last fall.

—The H. & S. W. railway surveyors reached Arrow Rock, last Friday, having completed the survey via Columbia, R. Cheport and New Franklin to Arrow Rock, except a correction on the line from Mexico to Center, which will only occupy four or five days.

HOLDEN ITEMS.

—Elder Russell, of North Missouri, has been preaching at the Christian church.

—The Farmers' and Commercial bank will soon move into a new building, erected especially for its use.

—J. L. Smith, E. B. Ewing and Charlie Pratt, of Jefferson City, have been in the western part of the county on a hunt.

—The Brownlee farm, six miles northeast of this place, containing 477 acres, was sold last week to T. F. Edgington, of Ohio, for \$11,925.

—Jerry Campbell planted two pounds of White S. or potatoes last spring. A few days ago the crop was harvested, amounting to two and one-half bushels.

Dresden Drops.

Correspondence of the Bazaar.

—The election is over, and we have all settled down once more to business, feeling jubilant at the grand victory of the democratic party. "Tis glory enough for one day." We have the only republican candidate elected from Maine to California, residing in our midst, and that was for the office of constable. Mr. Chas. Morrison is his name. Charlie bears the honor quite well.

—The coldest "snap" of the season visited us last evening. It makes a fellow look around for his last year's ulster. Providing his mother-in-law has not sold it to the rag man during the summer.

—As an evidence of better times among farmers, look in any direction from our village, and you will see new and substantial houses being built.

—Mr. Sidney Thompson has just finished a handsome new frame dwelling on his farm, 26x36 feet. The work was done by Sedalia contractors, and the painting by Mrs. Frank Spann.

—Mr. Wm. Goff, a former resident of this place, has returned, and opened up in the harness and butchering business.

—Work on the new passing track here has been delayed very much, on account of the rains.

"RATTLEHEAD."

She is Dead

On Saturday night, Bettie, the thirteen-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Bonidin, living a couple of miles northwest of the city, died, and her funeral was appointed for to-day.

This morning some member of the family thought that the body showed signs of life, there being a warmth about the heart. This induced a sending in for Dr. Ed. Evans, who had attended Bettie, and he went out to examine the body. He soon became fully satisfied that she was dead, beyond all hope of a resuscitation and so pronounced her. In the meantime, the pall bearers, Messrs. Tom Kehoe, James Montgomery, Homer Byler, Will Courtney, George Vest and Ed. Houz, all of this city, had started out to Mr. Bonidin's, but were met on the road and turned back. But now that Bettie's death is an assured fact, the funeral will take place, to-morrow, at 1 o'clock, in the afternoon.

One Experience From Many.

I have been sick and miserable so long, and had caused my husband so much trouble and expense, no one seemed to know what ailed me, that I was completely disheartened and discouraged. In this frame of mind I got a bottle of Hop Bitters, and used them unknown to my family. I soon began to improve, and gained so fast that my husband thought it strange and unnatural, but when I told them what helped me, they said, "Hurrah for Hop Bitters! long may they prosper, for they have made mother well and us happy."—The Mother.

CURES BY CONTRACT.

How a Young St. Louis Doctor Proposes to Work up a Practice.

Objections to the System of the Medical Society which Were Promptly Met.

In the early months of last year the reportorial ranks of St. Louis journalism were swelled by the advent of an ambitious young doctor who, disheartened by the slow growth of the medical practice, jumped at an opportunity to enter upon a literary career and became a general utility man upon the local staff of one of the morning papers. Unfortunately, however, the leap from the frying pan of unremunerative doctoring into the fire of ungenerous reporting proved to be a mistake on his part. It took him but a very short time to find out that there was a great deal more of labor than of literature in the life of a reporter, and that in nine cases out of ten good solid leg work rather than rhetoric was the desideratum. This of course was disappointing to the young doctor, who had hoped to blossom forth as a Horace Greeley in a year or two, and he lapsed into an indifference as to his work which sadly marred the effect of his journalistic efforts. He lacked, too, that fine discrimination of the value of the news which enables the veteran reporter to give exactly the proper space to each item, and in some cases his diagnoses were very far from being correct.

Upon one occasion, when sent forth to write up a paid notice of a sale of imported singing birds, which had been advertised upon the homeopathic basis, he treated the case upon the allopathic system, and brought back a solid two columns of matter, which the city editor had the pleasure of boiling down into five lines. Another day, when assigned to the duty of compounding a drastic dose of facts connected with an important murder case, he returned to the office, late in the evening, with only a pile of matter of by no means laudable character, and with the explanation that he had met a young lady acquaintance from Illinois, and had passed the day in her company, knowing that the murder case would always be available in the future, while his fair companion, who intended returning to Collinsville by the evening train, would not. One or two similar failures to appreciate the urgent character of newspaper work tended to destroy the city editor's confidence in the young doctor, and one day, when he returned from a funeral assignment without the name of the corpse or of the minister, and apologized because he could not remember whether the first hymn sung was "I will not live away" or "Thy will be done," or whether there were four or six pail bearers, the city editor diagnosed his case, decided that a surgical operation was unavoidable, and subjected him to instantaneous decapitation.

This was about six months ago, and the journalistic brotherhood had well nigh forgotten their quondam associate, when yesterday he encountered a Post-Dispatch reporter, and, with beaming eye and countenance elate with joy, at once broke forth into expressions of gratitude for the privilege of having passed a few months of his life in the newspaper business, which, he said, had enabled him to get rid of two decided drawbacks to advancement in the medical profession. In the first place it had cured him of a bashfulness which, especially in the case of lady patients, had told against him; in the next it had rid him of old-fogy ideas of professional etiquette.

"This idea of sitting in one's office is well enough for old practitioners," he said, "but I found I was likely to starve at it, so I got out this card," he said, producing his professional paste-board, one side of which bore his name and address, while the other conveyed the following intelligence:

"Family practice contracted for at the rate of \$4 per year for each person, payable one-fourth at first visit, when date of contract begins, one-fourth in six months, one-fourth in nine months, remaining one-fourth at end of year.

"Confinements and surgical operations extra."

"How does the cure by contract system work?" the reporter asked.

"Business is just booming. I have 150 families who have promised to make contracts with me whenever they require a doctor. They average five in a family, so there is \$3,000 a year to begin with, and my practice is constantly growing. Of these 150 families thirty-three have already made contracts, so that there is about \$700 already assured in black and white."

"Suppose you are only called in once to see a family of five?"

"Then we draw up a contract for \$20 and take the case in hand. It may involve only two or three visits, and I may not have to treat another member of the family during the remainder of the year; still they pay their \$5 every three months."

"So it thing for the doctor, eh?"

"We both take our chances. Now there's one family of three that I made a contract with four months ago, and I've been in that house pretty nearly every day since. The boy has had the measles and scarlet fever; the old man got taken down with rheumatism three days after the contract was made, and the woman has had a complaint requiring constant attention. I figured up the other day that I had already put in about \$150 worth of work in that family in four months, and the yearly contract calls for only \$12."

"These are extreme cases. How does the average run?"

"The contract system is a very fair one. Five dollars a head is not an exorbitant sum for the head of the family to pay to insure medical attendance, and he certainly should not grumble if the year passes without any of his family getting sick. It would not pay an old doctor to do business on this basis, but it helps a young man to practice which he would not obtain otherwise."

"Isn't it rather unprofessional?"

"What do I care? The medical society threatened to expel me the other day, but I heard of it and attended the meeting which was to take my case in hand, and cited the case of Dr. —, one of the leading physicians of the city, who has a contract to attend the Christian Brothers school at so much a head, and told them

they would have to attend to him if they undertook to expel me. That put an end to their kick, and we are now on as friendly terms as ever."

"Are any other doctors adopting the contract plan?"

"Several of them are considering it very seriously, and I believe they will adopt it. Soon as they find out how it pays they will cave in. At the drug store, where my prescriptions are put up they tell me that I am doing twice as much business as both the other doctors who practice in the neighborhood. It's a big thing for me, and, if I hadn't spent three months in the newspaper business, I would never have had the confidence to undertake it."

T'OTHER DEAR CHARMER.

She Interferes Seriously With a Wedding

By Getting the Bridegroom Sent to Jail.

St. Louis Republican.

That "hell hath no fury like a woman scorned" was amply illustrated, yesterday, by a warrant which was sworn out in the court of criminal correction. Late in the afternoon Miss Lizzie Leonard, a modest-looking and neatly attired young lady, appeared before the assistant prosecuting attorney and stated that she was the victim of man's perfidy and that she desired to have the case brought before the courts and have it settled there.

Her story was that about two years ago she became acquainted with Thomas J. Hanrahan, who appeared to be the personification of manliness and goodness. He asked permission to see her and called frequently, always appearing to the best advantage. He took her out riding, accompanied her to the theatres, and performed sundry other little feats calculated to win the female heart. But "men were deceivers ever," and Hanrahan was no exception to the rule laid down by the poet.

Miss Leonard alleges that when she first met him she was heart whole, in maiden meditation fancy free, and that, after winning her young affections, he basely cast them aside and, like Alexander, cast about for new worlds to conquer. She tried by all the arts known to female witchery to win him back to his old love, when she began to suspect that he was not acting altogether in accordance with the old ballad:

"Tis well to be merry and wise,
Tis well to be honest and true;
Tis well to be off with the old love
Before you are on with the new."

He was perverse, however, and continued to wander further away, until she learned that he was about to be married to another. Miss Leonard was

A GIRL OF SPIRIT and would not brook such treatment. She proved to the entire satisfaction of the prosecuting attorney that a warrant for seduction should be issued, and so it was. One of Capt. Mason's deputies was called in and the warrant was placed in his hands with instructions to at once find the accused and convey him to the city jail. The deputy walked towards the vicinity in which Mr. Hanrahan resided, and upon reaching the corner of Ninth and St. Charles streets, the alleged deceiver was found standing in front of a hostelry where anti prohibitionists assemble and discuss politics.

"Is your name Thomas J. Hanrahan?" inquired the sheriff.

"Yes, sir; that's my name, and I want you to take something with me, for I am going to be married to-night," answered the expectant bridegroom.

"Not just now," said the deputy. "By the way, I want to speak with you privately for a minute."

"Oh, that's all right," replied the bridegroom elect, "something about the wedding presents?"

"No; I have a warrant here for your arrest on the charge of seduction."

"The — you have. Is that true, or has some one hired you to play a trick on me?" queried the alleged faithless one.

"It's no trick I am deputy sheriff, and here is the warrant," replied the officer, exhibiting the document.

"Well, that is pretty good. Do you know that I am to be married in just three hours from now?"

The officer replied that he was not aware of the fact, and that he was sorry if such a state of affairs existed. The warrant was then read, and during the reading Hanrahan protested in the most unmeasured terms that he was innocent. He swore and kicked around for nearly ten minutes, and several times swore that he would not go with the officer.

He characterized Miss Leonard as a foolish girl who, devoid of sense, had maliciously destroyed his honeymoon. He finally consented to go along peacefully if the officer would conduct him past the house of his intended, so that he could inform her that instead of going to the altar he was going to jail. The request was granted, and when the officer reached the corner of Eleventh and Chestnut streets, the prisoner cried a halt, and the twain entered a house on the north side of the street, between Eleventh and Twelfth.

THE BRIDE ELECT

was summoned, and in the most dolorous tones the whilom bridegroom informed her that it was by fate decreed that their marriage should for the present be postponed. At this unexpected announcement the girl burst out crying. He said the whole case to the girl, but held out that he was innocent, and she promised to stick to him through thick and thin.

The prisoner was taken over to the Four Courts, where he was placed in jail.

Eminent St. Louis Physicians Say: "Golden's Liebig's Liquid Extract of Beef and Tonic Invigorator is a very agreeable article of diet, and particularly useful when tonics are required, being tolerated when other forms of animal food are rejected. In Diphtheria, Ague, Malaria, Typhoid Fever, and every depressing disease, its use will be attended with good advantage. We have prescribed it with excellent success." J. H. Leslie, M. D.; G. P. Coop, M. D.; S. B. Parsons, M. D.; R. A. Vaughn, M. D.; Drs. S. L. and J. C. Niederlet; Wm. Porter, M. D.; and many others. (Remember the name, GOLDEN'S—take no other.)

The Howe Scale took first premium at Philadelphia, Paris, Sydney, and other exhibitions. Borden, Shelleck & Co., Agts., St. Louis, Mo.

ABOUT BRADLEY.

Have the Officers Arrested the Wrong Man?

Sunday's BAZOO gave a long account, gathered from Captain Stephens, of Iowa City, Iowa, concerning the criminal career of one G. W. Bradley, who was arrested and lodged in jail here, to await the arrival of officers from Iowa, where he was wanted for the crime of stealing a pair of fine horses and a spring wagon, and also for seduction.

Bradley protested his innocence, saying that while he bore the same name of the Iowa criminal, that he was not the same man; that he had committed no crime and that it was a clear case of mistaken identity. Neither the officers who made the arrest nor the one who came from Iowa, had ever seen Bradley and, consequently, were unable to swear that he was the man, but they avowed that the chain of evidence was too strong to allow of any mistake and he was duly started to the Hawkeye state, last Sunday night.

This morning Detective A. L. Smith handed a BAZOO reporter the following business card:

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,

CAINSVILLE, MO.,

G. W. BRADLEY, PROP'R.

The card set forth the facts that the proprietor had just taken possession of the house; that it was thoroughly renovated, etc., and submitting a share of the public patronage.

"Is this the same Bradley who was arrested and taken to Iowa?" asked the reporter.

"The very same man," said Mr. Smith, "and he was here in this city on the 5th and 6th of last month, and yet, it is said, he stole the team on the 11th of that month. I don't just understand it."

"Where is Cainsville?"

"I don't know. I have forgotten the name of the county in which it is."

The reporter visited the postoffice for the purpose of finding out if there was such a postoffice as Cainsville, in this state.

"Yes, here it is," said Postmaster Blair, who, at the request of the reporter, looked in the postal guide. "It is in Harrison county, in the northern part of the state. Bethany is the county seat."

Again the reporter sought Detective Smith, to make further investigation.

"What do you know about the Fowler woman?"

"I am certain she is in the city," he said, "but I don't know just where she is."

"You are sure that Bradley, the man arrested and the man whose name is on this card, are one and the same, and that he was here two days before the date of the alleged theft?"

"I am, and I can prove it," replied the officer.

This ended the investigation for the time being, and the reporter left, fully convinced that there is a clash somewhere in the evidence and statements concerning this somewhat celebrated case. However, developments in Iowa will settle all doubts, pro or con.

A Loss Prevented.

Many loose their beauty from the hair falling or fading. Parker's Hair Balsam supplies necessary nourishment, prevents falling and grayness and is an elegant dressing.

Railroad Hospital Fees.

Globe-Tribune, 14th.

John Feldman vs. the Missouri Pacific railroad, in which \$150 only was involved, was the title of an action tried by Judge Doyle, yesterday. Feldman, who is an unsophisticated German, with but a limited knowledge of English, engaged with the railroad company, and worked for three months. At the end of that time he signed the pay roll and received his wages. Upon counting his cash he discovered that he was \$150 short. It was explained that fifty cents per month had been deducted as a hospital fee, to maintain the railroad hospital at Sedalia, all employees from the president down being assessed fifty cents per month. Feldman, who had never been in the hospital, brought suit to recover \$150. He appeared as his own lawyer, and it appearing that he had received for his full claim, the judge gave a judgment against him.

Catarrh of the Bladder.

Stinging irritation, inflammation, all Kidney and Urinary Complaints, cured by "Buchu-siba." \$1.

The "Milk Cow Racket."

Chicago Tribune.

During his wanderings through the yards yesterday the reporter stumbled onto another little scheme which it was thought was exterminated a few months ago, but while there are "suckers" in the world scoundrels and other not over scrupulous persons do a "rushing business." The "milk cow racket" is the term used by those who are posted, and from the profits derived therefrom the racket is a profitable one. Milk cows are always in demand and the prices approximate sixty dollars. When the demand exceeds the supply the "scalper," in order to "accommodate" the customer, goes to some remote pen and purchases a cow, called a "stripper"—that is one whose days of usefulness as a milker are over. A calf a few days old is then purchased for a few dollars and tied in a pen along with the cow, which is supposed to be its mother. The customer soon makes his appearance and a trade is effected—the purchaser takes the "milk cow" and calf and the accommodating "scalper" the sixty dollars. The trick is soon found out and the buyer makes a strenuous complaint, but there is no remedy, and he has to accept the inevitable. The trick was practiced yesterday and came to the surface shortly afterwards. The buyer on this occasion made an unusually strong break, which was subsequently settled by a compromise.

Perfect Sight.

As thousands can testify, there is nothing so much to be desired as perfect sight, and perfect sight can only be obtained by using perfect spectacles. C. G. Taylor, our home optician, exercises great skill and patience in fitting those needing spectacles, with care and comfort to the wearer.

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MISSOURI MATTERS.

—Atchison county has eight newspapers.
—Granby has a fruit-packing establishment.

—Apple shipping is a leading industry at Granby.

—A few flakes fell at Memphis on Monday of last week.

—Fishing is still good in Black river, says the Cash-Book.

—Laclede county has a flourishing teachers' association.

—The Howell county probate court meets November 20.

—Thirty hands are kept at work in the Granby jack yard.

—The Granby minstrels are on the road, striving for fame and fortune.

—Ralls county voted against compromising its railroad indebtedness.

—The hog law is said to have been adopted in Boone county by 335 majority.

—Miss Sallie Judkins is manager of the Rich Hill telegraph office.

—The Osessa News says a night watchman is needed in that town.

—A large acreage of wheat has been sown in New Madrid county this year.

—Out of 974 votes polled in Cape Girardeau township, Judge Hager got 803.

—The Monticello Journal complains that there are no good apples in that market.

—Thirteen car-loads of wheat were shipped from Monroe in four days last week.

—Greene county voted against restraining hogs from running at large two to one.

—The voters of Lewis county defeated the proposition to move the county seat to Canton.

—Humansville has a patent fruit evaporator which will dry from 200 to 300 bushels of apples daily.

—Telephone poles are being put up all over Springfield. The boom seems to have broken out afresh.

—A four foot vein of coal has been struck at a depth of 182 feet, within the corporate limits of Moberly.

—The Pleasant Hill Review says many colored men voted the democratic ticket in that city at the late election.

—Nevada needs a building association, says the Mail, and modestly adds in a postscript a board of trade also.

—The hog law